



GOING IN—TO DRESS.



COMING OUT—DRESSED.



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## Cartoons and Comments

**WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.** EVERY few days there are newspaper reports of raids on cold-storage food. Such events are so common that the newspaper accounts of them get very little space, although thousands of dollars' worth of what was once good food is destroyed by Government order in nearly every instance. The fact we would emphasize is that the food so destroyed was once good. If the stuff thrown overboard or burned was of small amount, the matter might be passed over as of slight importance; but, far from being small, the total bulk of such loss is tremendous, and that loss is felt. The greedy speculator, who held the food in cold storage, feels it, of course, directly. Instead of getting a high price for his commodity, he gets no price at all. The consumer, who is repeatedly told that high prices are caused by increased demand and insufficient supply, feels the loss indirectly in the still higher prices which he must pay. It is not pleasant, when eggs are sky-high, for instance, to read that several million cases have been thrown away because the eggs in them were allowed to rot. And especially unpleasant is it to see high prices attributed to "natural shortage." Cold storage is of incalculable help to civilized man, and its proper use no one would abridge. Its abuse, however, is damnable. We censure house-keepers who complain of the high-living cost and at the same time waste food in their kitchens in the preparation or the clearing away of meals which would reduce that cost materially. How much more should be censured a practice which converts food wholly into waste, and reduces it from purity to putridity, on a gam-

bler's chance that the Government may not detect it and that the filth may be sold to fill human stomachs? Nature is working harder than she ever did to supply the wants of man, but whenever you read of a cold-storage raid be sure that a lot of Nature's best work has gone for naught.

BRYAN is lecturing again, resuming his schedule where Mexican matters compelled him to leave off. Now we know what he meant when he said that the developments in Mexico were "encouraging."

CERTAIN men of the Progressive Party in New York City would nominate Mayor GAYNOR for the Bench. Tammany Hall, on the other hand, would merely "bench" him.

ST. LOUIS has passed through its hottest hot spell in seventy-seven years. Even the presence of two second-division teams did not tend to cool it off any.

FOREIGN papers regard the reported concentration of American troops on the Mexican boundary-line as a warlike move in sharp contrast to the peaceful tone of President WILSON's recent message. Foreign papers should be reminded that there still is much of diplomatic value in the old ROOSEVELT policy: "Speak softly and carry a big stick."

PRESIDENT MENCAL of Cuba is suing a man for slander because the man rashly compared him with THEODORE ROOSEVELT. We judge by this that Cuba would be a mighty bad place to raise Bull Moose.

"SOCIETY folk at Marblehead are playing tennis and golf in their bathing-suits."—*News Item.*

A step to be approved. Their bathing-suits are frequently more modest than their street clothes. At least, so far as the women are concerned.

ABBOT DOM GASQUET, head of the English Benedictines, praises American "go." A still more valuable asset is the ability to "come back."



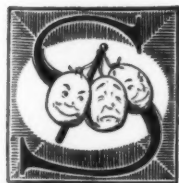
A SEPTEMBER THAW.





THE RETURN.

TESTAMENTARY.



SOME persons are really frank only once in their lives, and that is when they make their wills. The reason for this ingenuous outbreak is obvious: they know that by the time the will is read to the expectants the testator will be beyond the reach of any come-back. The harsh epithets of disappointed relatives will be as futile as the lamentations of the sad, happy beneficiaries.

So it is that wills are so very often surprising in their contents. The little whimsies in which, living, the testator dared not indulge, he enjoys in the presence of his lawyer and the important document. He could never bring himself to express his dislike of a certain nephew. Domestic felicity demanded that he conceal his real feelings concerning his wife's father. Business relationships made it impossible for him to tell his partner what he thought of him. All these secret emotions flare out of the will, and in joyous terms of candor. "To my nephew George, who has shown himself a coxcomb and an ass, I leave nothing but my fervent wish that he shall refrain from using so much hair-oil and perfume."

On the other hand, the making of a will gives an opportunity to a man to express many small sentiments of affection and regard which, for one reason or another, he thought it well to conceal during his life. A wealthy Swiss merchant, who died recently in Odessa, requested that ten dollars a year should be paid to the editor of his favorite newspaper, *Wochenzeitung*, "to drink to my death." Twice a year, on January 1 and August 1, the editor is expected to shut his desk and adjourn to a

nearby *café*, there to celebrate the memory of an unknown admirer. The exact beverage is not named. Testator showed the delicacy of permitting legatee to choose his favorite drink.

It is a pretty notion. The originator deserves to have his wish carried out to the letter. Seldom does an editor receive so gracious a compliment for the anonymous labor he lavishes upon his readers. Most editors are expected to buy, not only their own liquor, but a round for the reporters, for the pressmen, the devil, the subscribers, and even for the fellow that reads the paper over his neighbor's shoulder.

NOT A LINGUIST.

MRS. WORLDLEY.—If, as you say, your master kissed you against your will, why did you not cry "Help!"?

FRENCH MAID.—Ah, Madame! Zat ees just zee vord of vich I could not sink at ze moment. Zen, ven I remember eet, eet vas too late. He haf keesed me t'ree, four, five times!



CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"Who is that important, prosperous-looking fellow?"  
"Oh, that's an educated cartoonist. He makes cartoons favoring the Trusts."

**L**ove laughs at locksmiths; but in spite of that, the men of that craft are not always bachelors.

ELIJAH BROWN'S AMBITION.

**E**LIJAH BROWN, the cobbler, was enamored of the muse,  
And all his time was given up to stanzas and to shoes.  
He scorned to live a tuneless life, ingloriously mute,  
And nightly laid his last aside to labor at his lute.  
For he had registered an oath that lyrical renown  
Should trumpet to the universe the worthy name of Brown.  
And though his own weak pinions failed to reach the heights of song,  
His genius hatched a brilliant scheme to help his oath along.  
So all his little youngsters, as they numerously came,  
Were christened after poets in the pantheon of fame,  
That their poetic prestige might impress them, and inspire  
A noble emulation to adopt the warbling lyre.  
So Virgil Brown and Dante Brown and Tasso Brown appeared,  
And Milton Brown and Byron Brown and Shakspeare Brown were reared.  
Longfellow Brown and Schiller Brown arrived at man's estate,  
And Wordsworth Brown and Goldsmith Brown filled up the family slate.  
Old Brown believed his gifted boys, predestined to renown,  
In time would roll the boulder from the buried name of Brown.  
But still the epic is unsung, and still that worthy name  
Is missing from the pedestals upon the hills of fame;  
For Dante Brown's a peddler in the vegetable line,  
And Byron Brown is pitching for the Tuscarora Nine;  
Longfellow Brown, the light-weight, is a pugilist of note,  
And Goldsmith Brown's a deck-hand on a Jersey ferry-boat;  
In Wordsworth Brown Manhattan has an estimable cop,  
And Schiller Brown's an artist in a Brooklyn barber-shop;  
A roving far is Virgil Brown upon the bounding seas,  
And Tasso Brown is usefully engaged in making cheese;  
The cobbler's bench is Milton Brown's, and there he pegs away,  
And Shakspeare Brown makes cocktails in a Cripple Creek café.

John Ludlow.

A GOVERNABLE PROXY.

**J**INKS.—From what you told me of your mother-in-law I should think you'd have heard enough from her in person, without having cared to induce her to talk into your phonograph.

**FILKINS**.—Oh, you can't imagine the pleasure it gives me to start the machine going, and then shut it off right in the midst of a sentence.

**T**HAT man must be thick-skinned indeed who cannot be touched by the depth of feeling evinced by the mosquito.



REFERRED TO SECRETARY MCADOO.

**LITTLE RASTUS**.—Golly! If Ah only had fi' cents outer dat hundred an' fifty million dollars fer movin' crops!

THE BOOKKEEPER'S REVERIE.

**T**HE bookkeeper's soul floats off into a gentle dream of the honeyed sweets of the far-away emerald meadows, where the silvery brooklet bubbles over white pebbles, and slips through the shady nooks where the pike is taking a brief siesta in the shade. He sees the wind flow like a river over the heat, and the daisies lie upon it and dip into it until they look like lilies on an invisible stream.

Down in the corner of the meadow he sees the ancient tree whose branches almost touch the ground, all golden with ripening apples, and out of its branches the bobolink darts to revel in the seas of snowy clover.

He is lying on the ground, looking at the great groups of cumulus clouds that drift lazily by. His peace of mind is as endless as the switch of the white-faced cow's tail that would keep off the flies—if it could. He lives a day of white and green and gold—a sweet breezy day that is always too short for the song that fills it until it brims over with joy, like the soul of the school-boy on the last day of school.

The bookkeeper's joy is a dream of a vacation spent at Daisytown five years ago, because he is going to Daisytown again this year. And it is the nearness of his vacation that makes him so delirious with ecstasy that he absent-mindedly dips the mucilage brush into the red ink and wipes it on his light-gold hair. He says to himself: "Seven and six is eighteen and five is twenty-seven; put down the seven and carry the twenty."

If you would know how he could add in this way, just look through the pleasant vistas of his vision, and you will see down at the other end of the meadow, where the brook is a little wider, a quaint rustic bridge, and over this bridge you will see a willowy girl of twenty, tripping along as lightly as the wind. You will not appreciate the subtle charm of the picture as keenly as the bookkeeper, for to him the picture of the girl eclipses all the manifold beauties that surround her—lovely picture that she is, in a frame of sunshine and rippling flowers.

Many a time he walked over the bridge with her five years ago, and on one of these walks they had a conversation which resulted in the bookkeeper's insuring the life into which she had thrown perpetual sunshine. And now they live in a cheap top flat that isn't half as near heaven as they are.

In a week or two they are going back to Daisytown together, to see the old spot now so dear to them. And that is why the bookkeeper is in such a delirium of joy that he opens the door and tries to walk into the safe, under the impression that it is a green summer-house.

The noise of the street seems to him the drowsy hum of the meadow, for in spirit he is far away in its fragrant precincts, watching the birds splashing in the brook that sings its way over the pebbles till it shoots into the shadow of the rustic bridge.

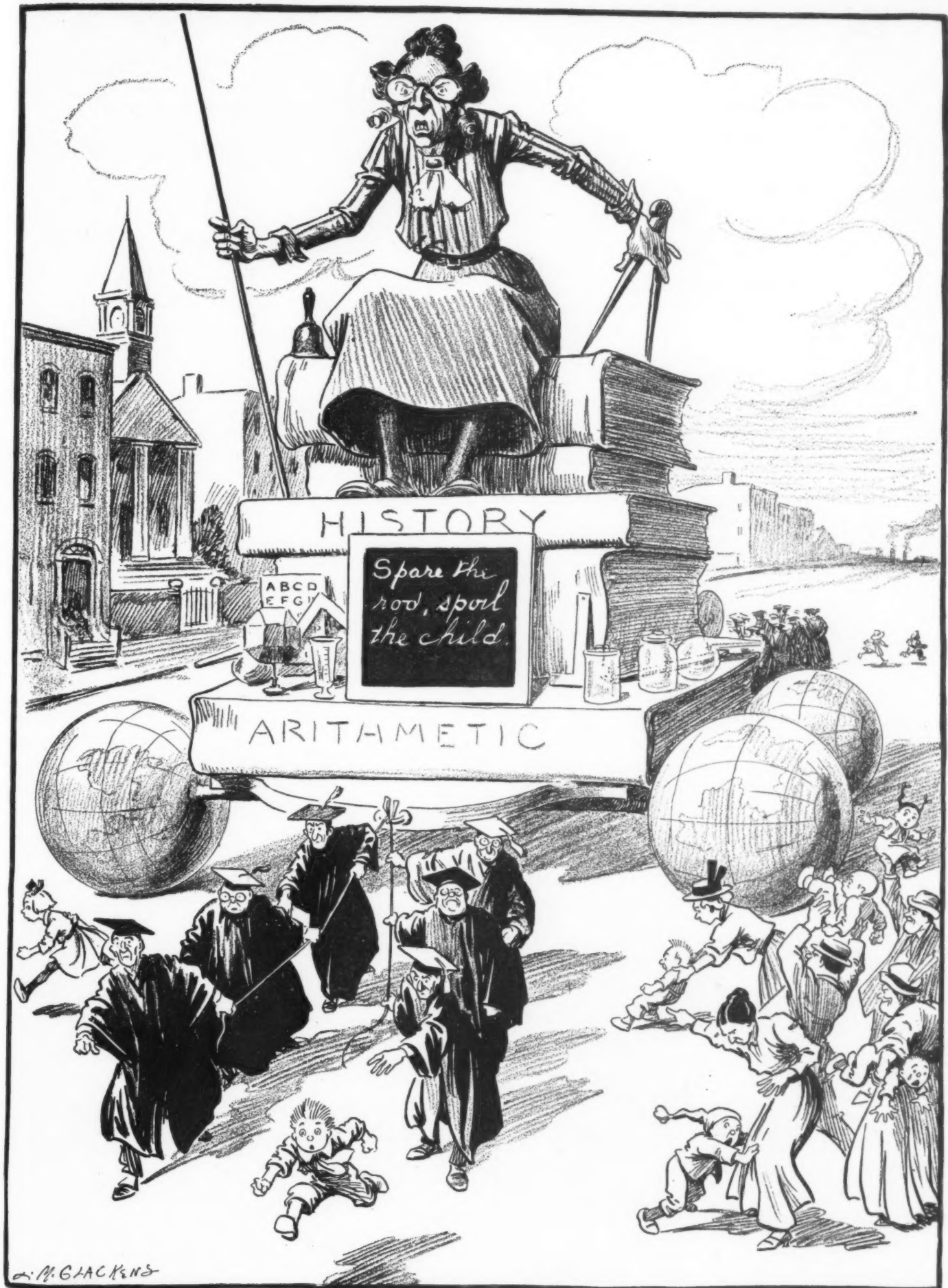
And while he wanders away among the bees and birds, and watches the shadows dancing in the sunlight, he dampens his fingers on the sponge and counts imaginary rolls of bills, and goes on with his "two from eight leaves twelve, and three over," and tries to paste things together with ink. But the climax of his dreamy forgetfulness is reached when he hands the office-boy his Chinese laundry-bill, and sends him around to the bank to have it certified.



E.X.

THE LENGTHENING YEARS.  
LOVE ME LITTLE; LOVE ME LONG.





SCHOOL!

A KID'S IDEA OF THE CAR OF JUGGERNAUT.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

HE thought him tame—an awful bore,  
And, when he came to call,  
Rolled, with no great alacrity,  
The conversational ball.

She said his carefulness of speech  
Suggested prunes and prisms;  
She scorned the way he did his hair,  
And loathed his mannerisms.

She said his deferential air  
And thoughtlessness were tiring;  
That, if she needed service,  
She could have it for the hiring.

And that, because he was so slow,  
And she liked force and vim,  
She never, never, never could—  
And then she married him.

Hilda Johnson.

KENTUCKY'S DISGRACE.



THE good name of the Commonwealth of Kentucky has been dragged in the mud. Not because one of its Representatives to Congress got into a fight with a door-man. Not at all. If being a Congressman should preclude honest scrapping the job would lack something of honor. But this man in question, Robert Y. Thomas, pulled a knife. If it had not been for the efforts of some of his colleagues he might have carved his name and address on the person of his adversary. Which is low. And which is vile. And unworthy of a Bluegrass gentleman.

If Thomas had pulled a gun he would have done credit to the romantic traditions of his people. If he had heaved a brick, or an ink-well, he would have encroached somewhat upon the copyrighted method of other statesmen, but he would not have been beyond the rules of the game. But when he pulled a knife, he declared himself brother to a wop. He acknowledged himself no better as a legislator than a Neapolitan Deputy at Rome. The newspapers say it was a clasp-knife. Maybe it was. Our hope is, however, that it was not a stiletto. A stiletto would be an awful thing for a gentleman from Kentucky to have in his possession.

A good fight is worth going to see. If a Member of Congress excels in this line of endeavor he deserves whatever credit may be coming. A person who would spoil or break up a happy set-to between two representatives of the people, on the mere ground of governmental dignity, is a kill joy and a sentimentalist. But the people have a right to specify



THE WORST SPOOK OF ALL.

TENANT.—Oh, Lord! This house is haunted, and by the ghost of some Suffragette!



QUITE PROBABLE.

AUTOIST.—But I swear it was n't I killed your duck, my good man!

FARMER.—Wa'al, b'gosh, if it wur n't it wur somebody as looked durn like yer!

the weapons that shall be permitted and the weapons that shall not. Revolvers, shot-guns, rifles, howitzers, bricks, cudgels, canes, vitriol, slung-shots, jimmies, crowbars, fence-rails, names, and mixed drinks, are perfectly permissible and in keeping with the genius of a free people. But bombs, black-hand work, knives, and garlic should be peremptorily ruled out. And if a gentleman from Kentucky insists upon keeping an Italian weapon in his boot-leg, at least he ought to be made, upon entering mixed company, to check it at the door.

IN BOSTON.

FRIEND.—This must be bargain day!  
I never saw such a crowd in your store before.

DRY-GOODS MAN.—I should say it is bargain day. We are selling Homer's Iliad, in the original Greek, at ninety-eight cents!

COVERING A RISK.

INSURANCE AGENT.—You ought to examine this scheme. It offers special inducements to automobilists.

AUTOIST.—Oh, I guess I can manage my car all right.

AGENT.—No doubt. But our company would pay your family so much a week during the time you may have to serve for manslaughter.

A STARTLING SIMILARITY.

SENIOR PARTNER (returning from vacation).—Who brought dot t'ing in our store? Take it oud, right away!

JUNIOR PARTNER.—Vot's der matter? Dot's a new patent vater cooler I bought last week.

SENIOR PARTNER (much relieved).—Oh! Dot's quite different! I thought it vas a fire egstinguisher!

FEATS OF SPEED.

PAPER MANUFACTURER.—It is now possible, sir, to cut down a growing tree and turn it into paper within twenty-four hours.

GREAT EDITOR.—That's nothing! Our dramatic man frequently has his criticisms in type before the play begins.



CONDESCENSION.

MISTRESS (angrily).—How often must I call you, Bridget?  
NEW SERVANT.—As often as yez loike, mum! Oi'm a bit deaf—but devil a bit shtuck up!





A PEACH OF A SHOT.

MR. MUDDLETON.—It's the worsh table I ever shaw, but I've made harder shots than thish one!

"FOLLOW YOUR LEADER."

NORAH ("leading").

HEY tell me, Ned,

You've found at last  
The girl you really mean to wed;  
That you, the gay, the debonair,  
In Cupid's net are tangled fast;  
You—who've eluded many a snare.

Have I met, Ned,  
Or do I know

This winsome girl you mean to wed?

Can it be Nell, or Rose, or Sue?

Who is it has bewitched you so?  
And has she yet said "yes" to you?

NED ("following").

She has not said

One hopeful word

This winsome girl I wish to wed;

I never mustered courage yet

To tell her how my heart is stirred,  
How fast I'm snared in Cupid's net.

Don't turn your head—

She's wond'rous wise,

This peerless maid I mean to wed;

Her name's not Rose, or Nell, or Sue!

Lift up to mine your drooping eyes,

And read my secret; dear, she's—you!

Sara A. Palmer.

FEMININE AMENITIES.

MISS DERIZ.—Oh, dear, I have n't the face to ask for rouge in that drug-store!

MISS TALCOTE.—Why, yes you have, dearest; just the face. Go right in; you won't have to say a word!

ONE of the first of his bachelor habits which a bridegroom overcomes during the honeymoon is the fancy that he is utterly unworthy of such an angelic creature.

CLINCHED.

IN the depth and sanctity of her passion she was forgetful that he must certainly change his collar upon the morn if she persisted thus in twining her arms about his neck.

"François," she cooed, "you remember the evening you asked me to be your wife?"

"Yes, Felice."

"Are you sure, François," she asked again, "that the love you then declared was for me alone?"

"I am sure, Felice," replied he, solemnly, as befitted the nature of their sacred pact. "I've paid a lawyer ten dollars to look into your supposed equity, and I am very sure."

After that she passed the bananas a second time, and presently he took his departure.



VISION OF A RAISE

JOURNALISM.

METROPOLITAN EDITOR.—Yes, the provincialism of these Western papers is simply disgusting and—

NEWS EDITOR (*interrupting*).—Here's a dispatch saying that a great fire is raging in Chicago. Shall I send for more—

EDITOR.—Make a news item of it. We're crowded to-night.

CITY EDITOR (*rushing in*).—A woman in Bottle Alley has just fallen down stairs.

EDITOR.—Quick! Detail three reporters and an artist to work it up! Order out the picture squad! Make four columns, with full diagram of the stairs. Perhaps there's some romance in her life you can get hold of; but if not, we can pitch into the Building Department and the stair-builder, anyhow.

THE DREAMER AWAKES.

EMPLOYEE.—I suppose you have heard that I am going to get married?

BOSS.—Fine! I've always said two people could live cheaper than one.



THE RETURN FROM THE CHASE.

"John, what does this tag, \$1 20, on these rabbits mean?"

"That? Oh—er—that's the hour I shot them!"

**If you would gain popular applause by removing your coat, be sure that its shoulders are not padded.**



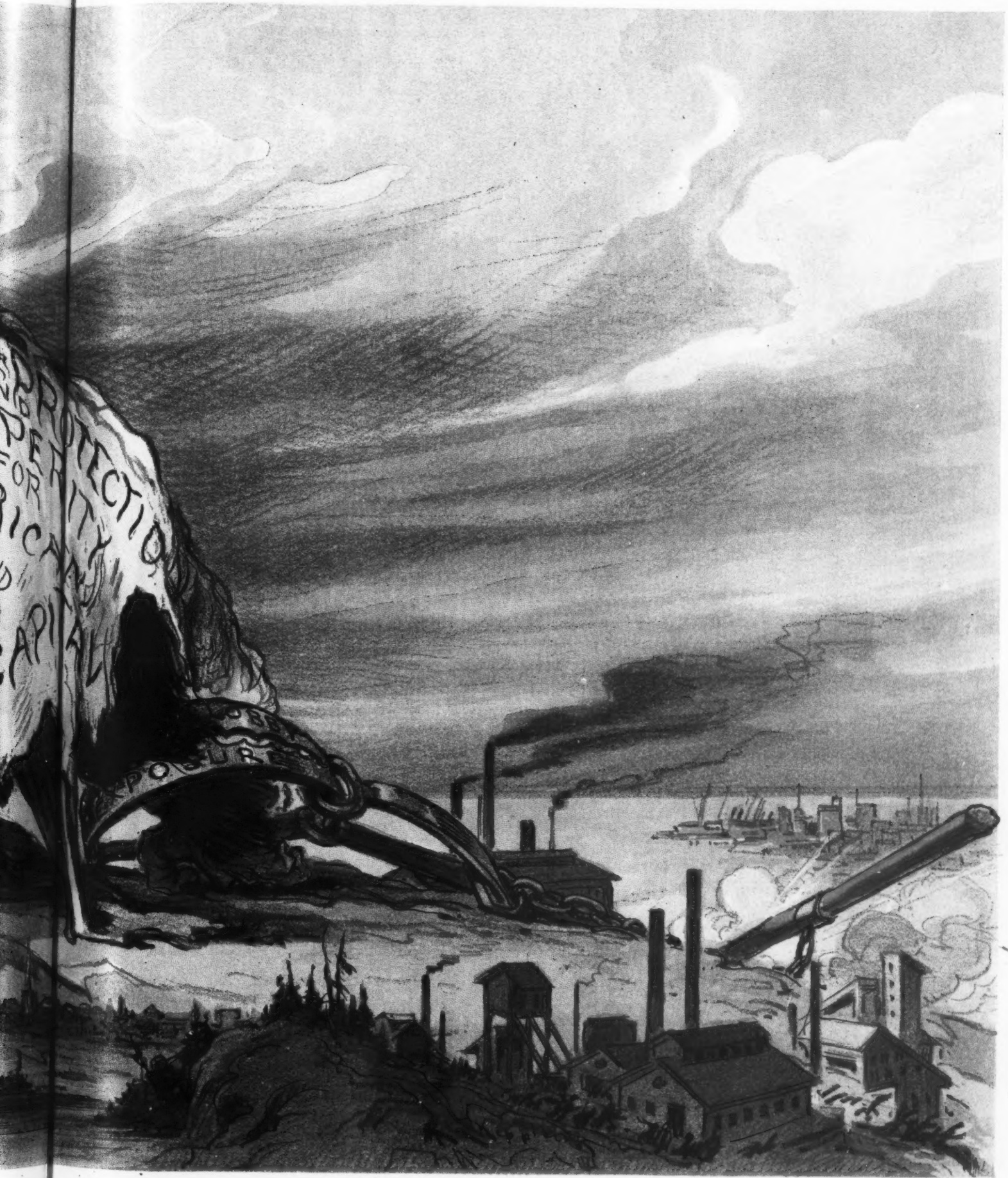
THE PUCK PRESS

DAZED.

THE BRUTE WITH BRAINS.—This disguise don't see



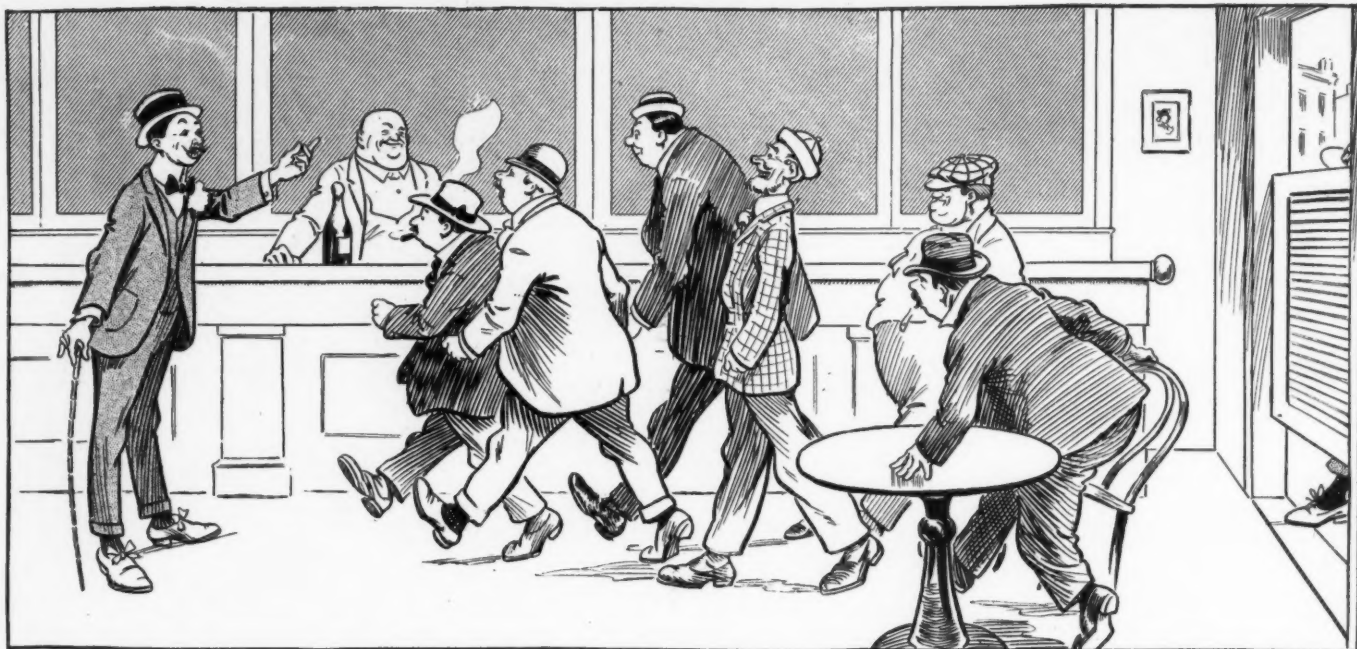
PUCK



DAZED.

disguise doesn't seem to fool them the way it used to.

GOING HIM SEVERAL BETTER.



EFFERVESCENT GENT.—I've just been married! Everybody have a drink!

A CRITICISM.



R. COHEN.—De modern sgool-teachings are no goodt. Dose bupils haf to forget schoost about halluf vot dey learns ven dey goes into peesness. Here's Ikey learnin' percentage at von, two, dree, four, fife, undt six per cent, ven he'll neffer haf to use less dan sefen ven he goes into peesness.

LITTLE IKEY.—Yes, fadder; but it'll come in handy ven you seddle mit your greditors.

ONLY A SHORT WALK.

VAN DERHOVEN (*proudly*).—That's my house on top of the first range, yonder!

JOBSON (*who has accepted an invitation to spend Sunday at Cragville, N. J.*).—I thought you said it was only five minutes' walk from the station?

VAN DERHOVEN.—That's right,—then we reach the foothills and begin to climb.

LOVE AND WAR.

"I WISH I were a soldier brave!"  
She cried, with flashing eye;  
"instead of being 'Fashion's slave,'  
For Glory I would die."

"The dearest soldier you to me!"  
He cried: "O Maiden Arch!  
If you my comrade dear would be  
Upon the 'Wedding March!'"

And now no longer War doth reign;  
Behold her sweet submission!  
They march together Life's campaign,  
With love for ammunition!

THE CAUSE.

SHE.—I don't know what makes her so positive about everything.

HE.—Her sex.

HIS INGRATITUDE.

"OF ALL the ungrateful critters in this world, I vow and contend that my second cousin, Caleb Swiggs, was the meanest, even if he is dead and gone now!" aggrievedly ejaculated Miss Almira Pennypincher. "Most all of his life he guzzled liquor, used bad language, fiddled at dances, made a mock of missionary societies, kept away from church like it was pizenous, played cards, flirted with widows, made ribald jokes at church festivals, went to every show that came along, and gouged everybody swappin' horses; and by such and kindred means was able to leave his relatives as much as twenty-eight hundred dollars altogether; and he never willed me a solitary cent!—after all the tracts I gave him and the warnin's about where his sinful practices would finally land him if he persisted in 'em!"

"But, I declare, all men are alike! The more you do for one of 'em the more you may; and that's all the thanks you get for it!"



NEWCOMER.—I've just been divorced! Everybody have a drink, a good cigar, a chicken sandwich, and half-a-pint to take home!



IN THE AFFIRMATIVE.



W! If I were a man, she said,  
How happy I should be!  
I then, without delay, could ask  
My love to marry me.

But, as it is, in eager hope  
That he my thoughts may guess,  
To every blessed thing he says,  
I quickly answer "yes."

IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY.

**S**POKESMAN OF RELIEF COMMITTEE.—Now, Mr. Pillburger, the wealthy merchants are assisting us in our work, not only by contributions, but some of them by selling the necessities of life, such as tea, bread, coal, and wood at cost. What can you do for us?

**PILLBURGER (the druggist).—**You will find me ready to help der unemployd. Put me down as der man vat sells postage-stamps at gost!



GAME SOMEHOW.

**EMPTY-HANDED SPORTSMAN.**

— Say, what 'll you sell that game leg for?

lover, an act which since the beginning of our race has constituted marriage? Woman, where is thy husband?"

Rising from her abject posture, she smiled through her tears.

"Pa——"

She twined her arms lovingly about his neck.

"—calm yourself. All will be well. We were only rehearsing the wedding ceremony this morning."

His wrath was dispelled, and the hard lines of his rugged countenance softened.

A HONEYMOON.

**S**HE.—The conductor says this is the longest tunnel on the road.

**HE.**—Yes; but the lamps are lighted.

*Returning.*

**S**HE.—Here we come again to that lovely long tunnel.

**HE.**—Why in thunder don't they light the lamps?

NOT OVER-PARTICULAR.

**S**HE took my hand in sheltered nooks,  
She took my flowers, candy, books,  
Gloves, anything I cared to send—  
She took my rival in the end.

THE REVOLUTION OF TIME.

**I**SAACS.—Vy don't you sell dot East Broadway house and mofe uptown?

**COHEN.**—Vot! Dot East Broadway vas vonce der most fashionable part of der city, and dose fashions always come in again.

THE LOO-LOO HAND.

**O**NE of the most astute poker-players in the United States, who happens also to be a member of the Senate, made the classic utterance that "you cannot win twice on a loo-loo hand."

Like most epigrams or aphorisms this gem of wisdom and experience must not be construed too literally.

It is conceivable that one may win twice with a loo-loo hand; aye, even thrice. But the moral is that it is not given to many mortals to touch the uttermost joy, and that he who has once won on a loo-loo must be content. He should then play the game close to earth, remembering that he is but clay.

For a hundred years

the American people have been winning with loo-loo hands. A century of luck has stacked the chips mountain high in front of us. We have long since ceased to count our winnings. We have never failed to fill on a draw; and if the other fellow's cards were good, ours were even better.

Since nations first began to sit in at the green baize of Chance, there has never been anything like it. Once in a while (it must be shamefacedly confessed) we have even gone so far as to pilfer the kitty.

The consistent loser gets pains in his feet, and passes out of the game in response to a telephone message from a sick friend. The consistent winner sticks to his lucky chair till the first milk-carts rattle and the green dawn sneaks in. But it is not always the loser that loses, or the winner that wins. When the owner of the loo-loo hands begins to fancy himself beloved of the Gods; when he begins to cuff the servants, blow smoke in the losers' eyes, and indulge in those tactics so aptly described in the vernacular as "rough stuff"—he is walking along the narrow edge.

There comes a time when the loo-loo hand will win no more. Rome won with loo-loo hands for many years, but the time came when a lot of pikers began to take the pots with no better than jacks. The spell was broken. The Pandora box was busted, and Luck had hiked to where the woodbine twineth.



FIRST AID DENIED.

**MOTORIST (after accident).**—I'm afraid one of my lungs is punctured, Dobson!  
**CHAUFFEUR (hopelessly).**—Lord only knows where the tire-kit is, sir!

**B**ecause a man keeps a steam-yacht instead of a sailboat it by no means follows that he can't raise the wind.



# Hunter Whiskey

APPEALS TO ALL WHO CAN APPRECIATE ITS UNRIVALED PURITY AND EXCELLENCE, ITS UNEQUALED QUALITY AND FLAVOR

Sold at all first-class cafés and by jobbers. WM. LANAHAH & SON, Baltimore, Md.

## AN ANGELIC BIRD.

CUSTOMER.—But is he a good bird? I mean, I hope he doesn't use dreadful language.

DEALER.—'E's a saint lady; sings 'ymns beautiful. I 'ad some parrots wot used to swear somethink awful, but, if you'll believe me, this 'ere bird converted the lot.—*London Bystander*.

## THE PRIZE DIVER.



THE JUDGE.—Will you please throw—

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Ritters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. G. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

## AFTER THAT, THE DARK.

"Then you were n't always a black sheep?"

"No, mum. I started my career as a Wall Street lamb."—*Wash. Herald*.

"I SEE they have operated on a Philadelphia boy's head in order to make a better boy of him."

"That is n't where my dad used to operate on me to make me a better boy."—*Houston Post*.

"My wife and I have parted."

"That's easily fixed. Send her a diamond ring or La Valliere from Loftis Bros. & Co., the Diamond Credit House, Dept. D 938, Chicago, Ill." Send for catalog.

**Imperial**  
Gold Label  
**Beer**

Bottled only by the Brewers  
**Beadleston & Woerz,**  
NEW YORK



PECKSNIFF

CARTON

GAMP

SIKES

JINGLE

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MOTHER.—Yes, indeed he does. That child has had a lot of trouble.—*Everybody's*.

A SUBURBAN housewife relates overhearing this conversation between her maid and the cook next door:

"How are you, Hilda?"

"I'm well. I like my yob. We got cremated cellar, cemetery plumbing, elastic lights, and a hoosit."

"What's a 'hoosit,' Hilda?"

"Oh, a bell rings. You put a thing on your ear and say 'Hello,' and someone says 'Hello,' and you say 'Hoosit?'"  
—*Los Angeles Herald*.

"PAPA," asked Willie, "what is phenomenal?"

"It is phenomenal, my son," explained Mr. Wisepate, "when a lawyer is content with a nominal fee."—*Truth*.

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INSURANCE DOCTOR (filling in application).—Ahem! Have you ever had any fevers? Ever had scarlet fever, hectic, rheumatic, gastric, typhoid, typhus, or yellow fever?

MR. O'HARA.—Eh? Phwat do you think Oi am? Wan of thim patint-medicine advertisements? — *Sydney Bulletin*.

"CHARLES seems to be very exacting," said a fond mamma to her dear girl who was dressing for the wedding. "Never mind, mamma," said she, sweetly, "they are his last wishes." — *Lippincott's*.

**HIS SIMPLE LITTLE CAR.**  
Johnson bought a motor-car,  
His pride in it was great,  
He ran across some broken glass,  
Bill—\$16.28.

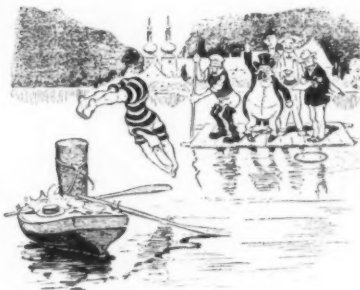
He took a friend out for a ride,  
They both enjoyed it fine,  
Until a cylinder went bust,  
Bill—\$30.49.

He started on a country tour,  
And had a lot of fun,  
Until he ran into a ditch,  
Bill—\$60.31.

He took his wife downtown to shop,  
As proud as proud can be,  
And then he bumped a trolley pole,  
Bill—\$90.83.

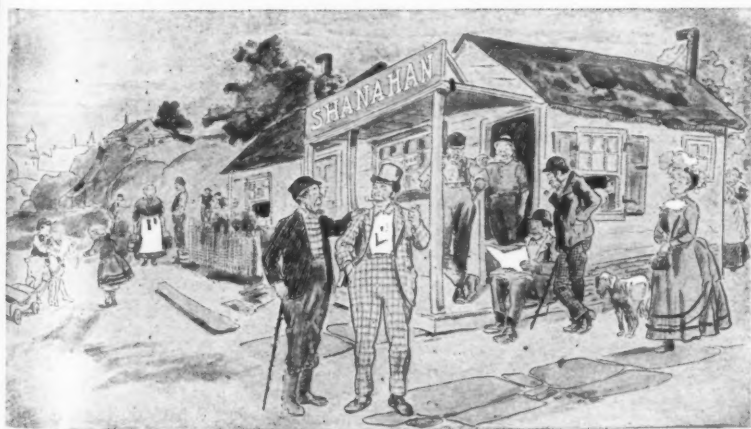
And when he found himself flat broke,  
In tearful rage he cried:  
"I'll rob the children's savings-bank,  
And have just one more ride!"  
—*Sacramento Sentinel*

"Is HE swayed by his prejudices?"  
"I should say so. Anyhow, he's  
the sort of a man who cheers when the  
ball hits the umpire on the shin." —  
*Detroit Free Press*.



II.  
—the hoop in this direction! When  
I call three, try to dive inside of it. All  
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A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit  
makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail,  
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III.  
—"Three!"

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SIMMONS had returned from his vacation. "I certainly enjoyed the husking-bees," he said to a young woman. "Were you ever in the country during the season of husking-bees?"

"Husking-bees!" exclaimed the girl. "Why, of course not! How do you husk a bee, anyway, Mr. Simmons?" —*The Argonaut*.

A LOCAL vaudeville joint recently advertised:

"Pretty girls! Gorgeous clothes! —Entire change every week."

Quite right, girls. Change every week and be hygienic. — *Princeton Tiger*.

AN American recently went over the field of Waterloo with a guide, who boasted that he escorted General Sheridan over the scene of Napoleon's great defeat.

"What did Sheridan say?" asked my friend.

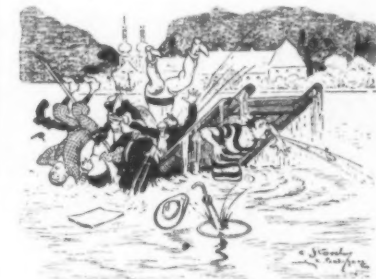
"Oh, nothing."

"He must have said something."

"Well, he only said, 'It was a good place for a fight.' — *Exchange*.

"THERE was a lot of old shoes on the street when I went out this morning."

"Wedding or cat-fight, do you suppose?" — *Boston Transcript*.



IV.

"Ah-h-h! It is simply marvelous to see what a clean, sure dive he makes! Now he will come right out here with the ring around him!"

—*Fliegende Blätter*.

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"Your wife gave a very beautiful  
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"Yes?" replied Mr. Meekton.

"She said it was woman's especial  
duty to be kind to dumb animals."

"I heard about it."

"But you don't seem impressed."

"It does n't seem to be anything  
that interests me—not unless you are  
going to put husbands in the dumb-  
animal class."—*Washington Star.*

**Ardent Lover:** "Willie, dear, what does  
your sister say of me?" **Willie:** "She says  
you need n't come here unless you bring a  
diamond, on credit, and a catalog from Loftis  
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THE BOY SCOUTS.



**BIG BROTHER BILL.**—Wanter come wif us, do yer? What  
bloomin' good would you be in a war?

**CAPTAIN (in the distance).**—Better let 'im come, and I'll  
make 'im me aide-de-kong. We can't keep the whole bloomin'  
army waiting.—*Sydney Bulletin.*

**SHE.**—I wonder where those clouds are going?

**HE.**—I think they are going to thunder!—*Princeton Tiger.*

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The general manager of an Eastern railroad had a dreaded reputation for laying off men whenever he found the slightest excuse. He appeared in the yards one day and two switchmen discussed him.

"He don't look like the man we hear he is," said one.

"What do you hear?" the other asked.

"Why, they say when he was at the funeral of Flannery's wife, and the six pallbearers came out carrying the coffin, he raised his hand and said: 'Hold on, boys! You can get along without two of them!'"—*Saturday Evening Post*.

"DOBBLEDAY seems to think himself a very important person. Why, he can't even stand on a street corner and wait for a trolley-car without putting on as many airs as if he were laying a corner-stone."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.



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#### MAKING A TEST CASE.



"Will you get out of there at once?"

"No, I will not. We will see who is master here!"—*Le Rive*.

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#### SCOT MET SCOT.

The following Scotch tale is one of President Woodrow Wilson's favorites: A Scotchman was strolling through the market-place in Glasgow one day, and close at his heels followed his faithful collie. Attracted by a fine display of shell and other fish, the Scot stopped to admire, perhaps to purchase. The dog stood by, gently wagging his tail, while its master engaged the fishmonger in conversation.

Unfortunately for the beastie its tail dropped for a moment over a big basketful of fine, live lobsters. Instantly one of the largest lobsters snapped its claws on the tail, and the surprised collie dashed off through the market, yelping with pain, while the lobster hung on grimly, though dashed violently from side to side. The fishmonger for a moment was speechless with indignation; then, turning to his prospective customer, he bawled:

"Mon! mon! Whistle to yer dog, whistle to yer dog!"

"Hoot, mon," returned the other complacently, "whistle to yer lobster!"—*New York World*.

#### BEGGING OFF.

"Can you direct me to the best hotel in this town?" asked the stranger who, after sadly watching the train depart, had set his satchel upon the station platform.

"I can," replied the man who was waiting for a train going the other way, "but I hate to do it."

"Why?"

"Because you will think after you've seen it that I'm a liar."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

#### TRICKED.

For four consecutive nights the hotel proprietor watched his fair, timid guest fill her pitcher at the water-tap.

"Madam," he said, on the fifth night, "if you would ring, this would be done for you."

"But where is my bell?" asked the lady.

"The bell is beside your bed," replied the proprietor.

"That the bell!" she exclaimed. "Why, the boy told me that was the fire-alarm, and that I wasn't to touch it on any account."—*New York Weekly Telegraph*.

#### HE LET THEM IN.

"What became of your dachshund?" asked the Grouch.

"My wife got tired of swatting flies and she gave him away," replied the Old Fogey.

"What had he to do with swatting flies?"

"It took him too long to get in and out through the screen-door."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

#### HE KNEW.

It is to be feared that a great many persons agree in practice, if not in theory, with the idea of a certain Washington schoolboy to whom the question was put: "What is a synonym?"

"A synonym," explained the lad, "is a word you use when you don't know how to spell the one you thought of."—*Brooklyn Life*.

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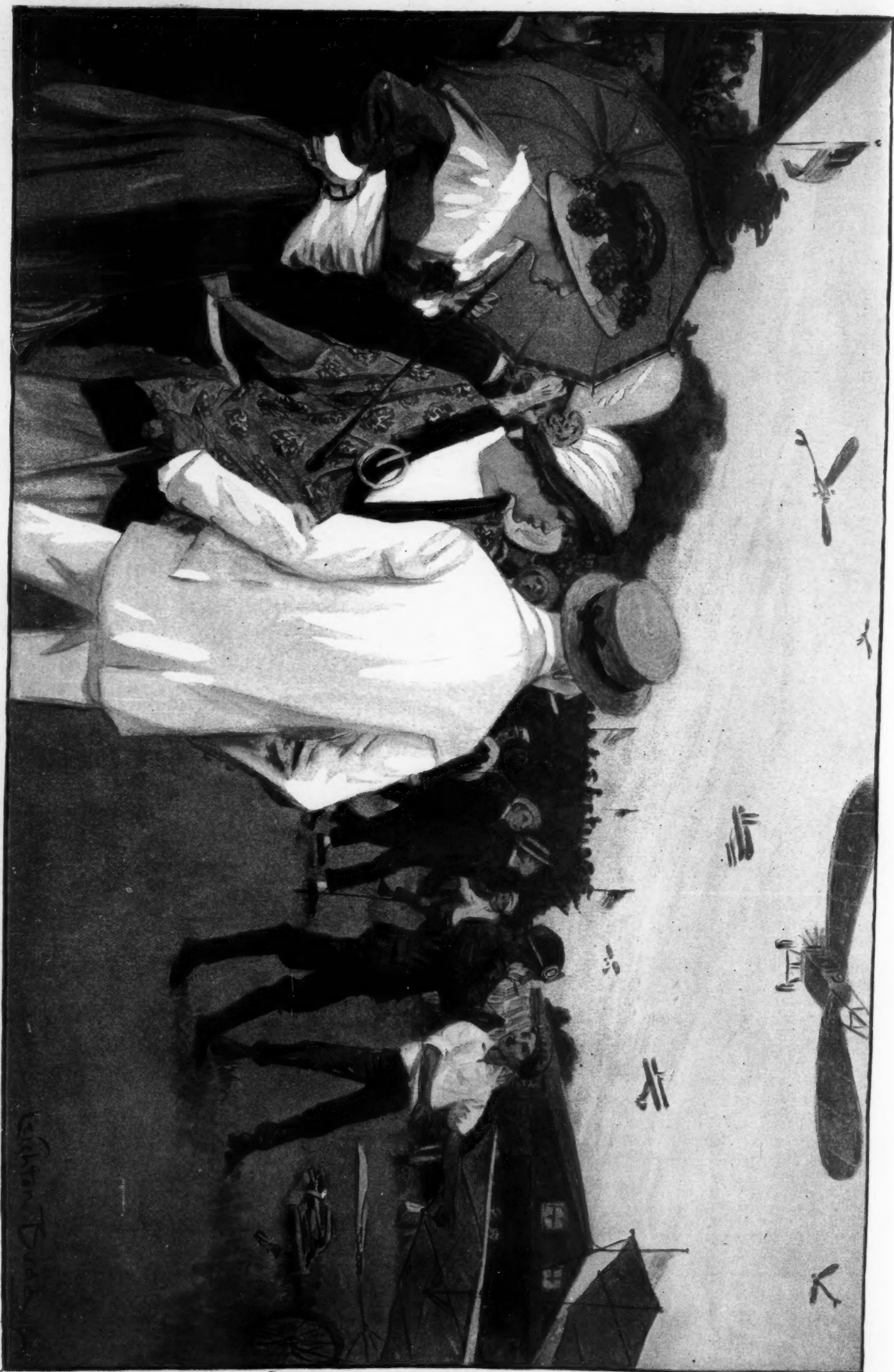
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"What was that aviator's former business?"

"He used to act as a guide to deer hunters, but he lost his nerve!"